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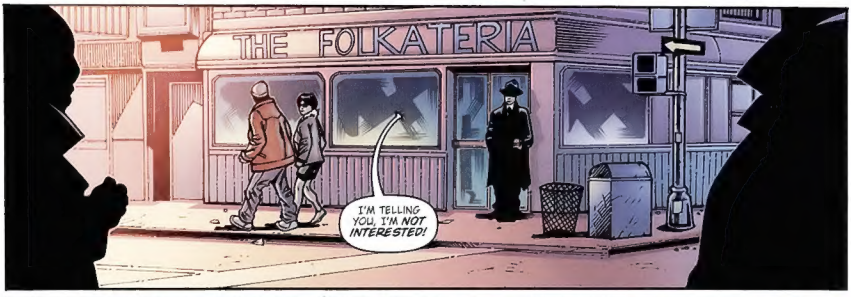
18 die in Iraq attacks as US warns of more violence
60s radical freed from prison

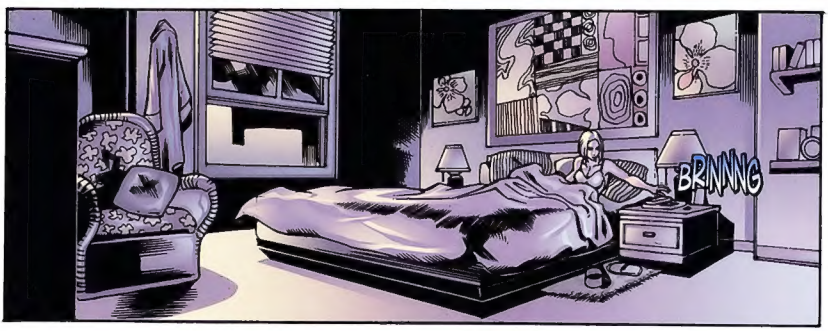

THE FOLKATERIA
I'M TELLING YOU, I'M NOT INTERESTED!

JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!
WAIT!

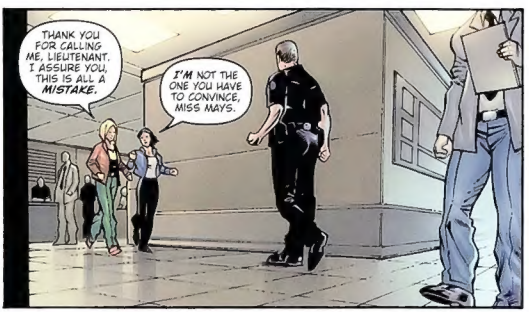
SHE'S OUT!
FORGET HER, GET HER COMPANION!

FREEZE, F.B.I.! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?


BRRNNG

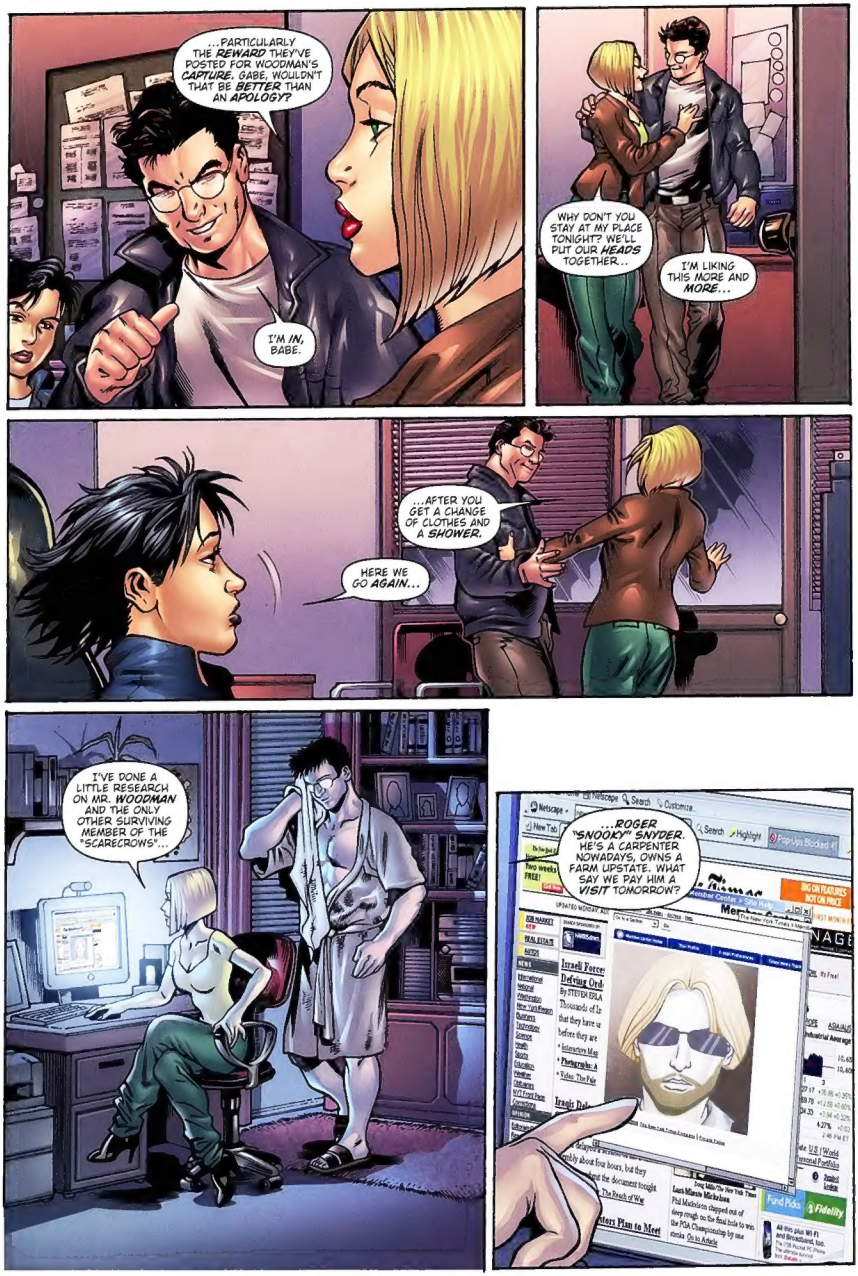
HELLO?
LIEUTENANT BLISS?
HE'S WHERE?

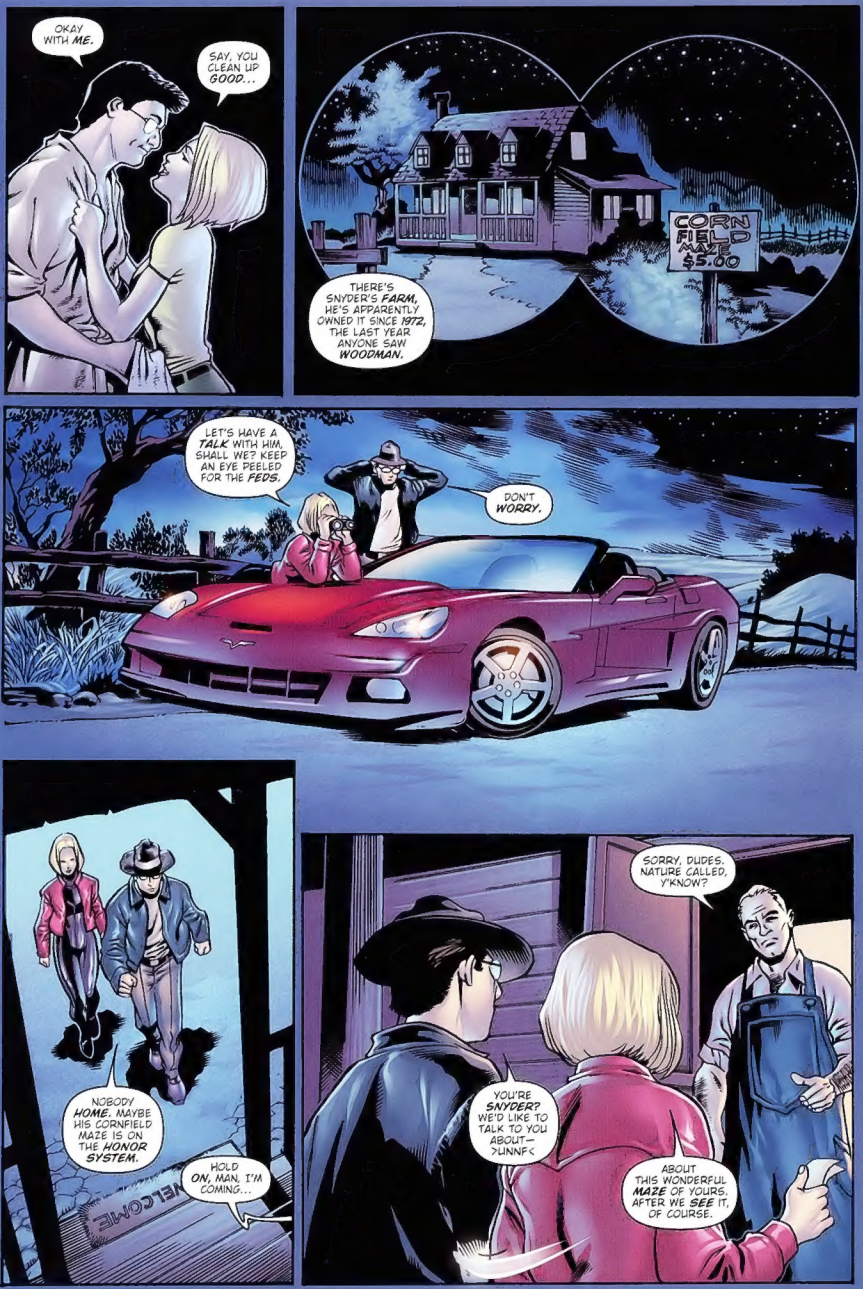

THANK YOU FOR CALLING ME, LIEUTENANT. I ASSURE YOU, THIS IS ALL A MISTAKE.
I'M NOT THE ONE YOU HAVE TO CONVINCE, MISS MAYS.

HI THERE, KILLER. I TRIED TO BRING YOU A CAKE WITH A FILE IN IT, BUT—
JEN! FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET ME OUT OF HERE, WOULD YOU?

I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A STICKER ON ME READING "USDA PRIME!"
ALL RIGHT, WEBB, HOLD ON. SIMONS, OPEN UP. WILL YOU?
AGENTS BLACK AND WHITE OF THE F.B.I., THIS IS JENNIFER MAYS, A PRIVATE DETECTIVE.
YOUR COLLEAGUE NEEDS TO EXPLAIN HIS ACTIONS, MISS MAYS...
...SUCH AS WHAT HE WAS DOING ASSOCIATING WITH SHIRL CHUISKO.
"ASSOCIATING"? I WANTED TO INTERVIEW HER. IT'S WHAT I DO, I'M A TRUE CRIME WRITER!
HOW'D YOU KNOW SHE'D BE AT THE "FOLKATERIA"?
A '60S ACTIVIST, INTERESTED IN FOLK MUSIC? THAT'S AS SIMPLE AS GRAVITY, UNLESS YOU'RE A MORON— OR AN F.B.I. AGENT.
PERHAPS MR. WEBB COULD BE MORE HELPFUL IF HE KNEW WHAT THIS WAS ABOUT, AGENT WHITE?
I'M AGENT BLACK. WE'RE LOOKING FOR THIS MAN...

ROBERT WOODMAN. HIS RECORD MAKES SHIRL CHUSKO LOOK LIKE MOTHER THERESA. FIVE FEDERAL OFFICES BLOWN UP. EIGHTEEN PEOPLE KILLED—
FBI MOST WANTE
$100,000 REWAR
I SEE. WOODMAN AND CHUSKO WERE LOVERS BACK IN THE '60S. YOU'RE HOPING SHE'LL LEAD YOU TO HIM.
SOMETHING LIKE THAT. AND WE DON'T NEED AMATEURS GETTING IN OUR WAY.
YOU'RE CLEAR, WEBB— BUT STAY OUT OF OUR WAY!
SHOULDN'T THAT BE THE OTHER WAY AROUND? AND DON'T I GET AN APOLOGY?
THE BUREAU DOESN'T APOLOGIZE.
SLAM
CAN YOU BEAT THOSE GUYS?
I'D LIKE TO—WITH A CLUB.
THE F.B.I. HAS ITS USES, LIEUTENANT...


...PARTICULARLY THE REWARD THEY'VE POSTED FOR WOODMAN'S CAPTURE. GABE, WOULDN'T THAT BE BETTER THAN AN APOLOGY?
I'M IN, BABE.
WHY DON'T YOU STAY AT MY PLACE TONIGHT? WE'LL PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER...
I'M LIKING THIS MORE AND MORE...
...AFTER YOU GET A CHANGE OF CLOTHES AND A SHOWER.
HERE WE GO AGAIN...
I'VE DONE A LITTLE RESEARCH ON MR. WOODMAN AND THE ONLY OTHER SURVIVING MEMBER OF THE "SCARECROWS"...
...ROGER "SNOOKY" SNYDER. HE'S A CARPENTER NOWADAYS, OWNS A FARM UPSTATE. WHAT SAY WE PAY HIM A VISIT TOMORROW?


OKAY. WITH *ME*.
SAY, YOU CLEAN UP *GOOD*...
THERE'S SNYDER'S *FARM*, HE'S APPARENTLY OWNED IT SINCE *1972*, THE LAST YEAR ANYONE SAW *WOODMAN*.
CORN FIELD MAZE $5.00
LET'S HAVE A *TALK* WITH HIM, SHALL WE? KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR THE *FEDS*.
DON'T *WORRY*.
NOBODY *HOME*. MAYBE HIS CORNFIELD MAZE IS ON THE *HONOR SYSTEM*.
HOLD *ON*, MAN. I'M COMING...
WELCOME
SORRY, DUDES. NATURE CALLED, Y'KNOW?
YOU'RE *SNYDER*? WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT— >UNNF<
ABOUT THIS WONDERFUL *MAZE* OF YOURS. AFTER WE *SEE* IT, OF COURSE.

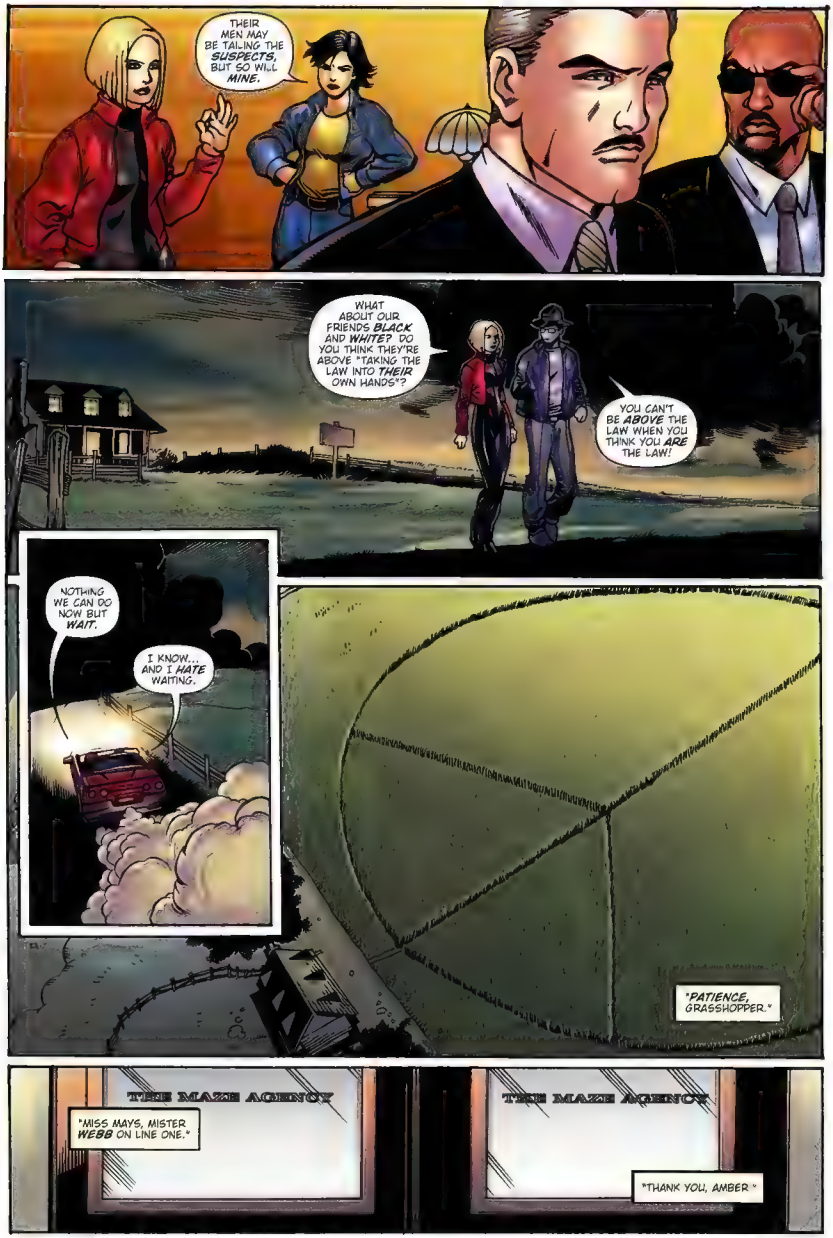
I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO *TALK* TO HIM.
BE *FLEXIBLE*, ACE. MAYBE WE CAN SNEAK INTO HIS *HOUSE* AND NOSE AROUND.
DESPITE THE NAME OF MY COMPANY, I *HATE* THESE THINGS. EVEN AS A KID I COULD NEVER SOLVE THEM.
CORNFIELD MAZES—HEH, "MAIZES"—ARE USUALLY *EASY* TO FIGURE OUT, JEN ...
... IN FACT, *YOU'RE* THE ONLY "MAYS" I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO SOLVE.
THAT'S BECAUSE I'M A WOMAN OF *MYSTERY*, MISTER...
THIS IS OBVIOUSLY SNYDER'S *WORKSHOP*. IT'S CERTAINLY *WELL-EQUIPPED*.
I'LL TAKE YOUR *WORD* FOR IT. THE ONLY CLASS I DID WORSE IN THAN *WOOD* SHOP WAS *METAL* SHOP.
EEEEEEEEK
HOLY JUMPIN' GOD!
IT CAME FROM OVER *THERE!*

IT'S SHIRL CHUSKO.
SO— ROGER! IT'S HIM! IT'S HIM!
MISS CHUSKO, CALM DOWN.
IT'S JUST A SCARECROW.
NO! NO!
IT'S HIM— IT'S ROBERT WOODMAN!
DEATH WAS PRETTY MUCH INSTANTANEOUS, MISS MAYS.
IF THIS ISN'T THE MURDER WEAPON, I'VE NEVER SEEN ONE. THERE'S ONE MISSING FROM THAT WORKSHOP.
EVIDENCE

AND THE KILLER REPLACED THE *REAL* SCARECROW WITH THE *VICTIM*. CLEVER. IF ONLY WE HAD SOME WAY OF NARROWING THE *SUSPECTS*...
WE CAN DO THAT.
WE WERE SURVEILLING THE SNYDER FARM, HOPING WOODMAN WOULD SHOW UP. WE'VE CONTAINED EVERYONE WHO WAS IN THE MAZE AT THE TIME.
AND YOU DID A *GOOD JOB*, ELLIOT NESS. EXCEPT, HE'S *DEAD*.
GENTLEMEN, THIS IS *UNNECESSARY*. WE ALL WANT THE SAME THING...
...THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES ARE COOPERATING WITH LT. BLISS, CAN'T WE DO THE SAME?
VERY WELL
AGREED
SUITS *ME*.
HAVING ROBERT DEAD IS BAD *ENOUGH*, MAN, BUT NO WAY DO I WANT YOUR NEGATIVE PIG VIBES IN MY HOUSE OF *PEACE*!
DON'T YOU WANT YOUR FRIEND'S KILLER CAUGHT, SIR?
THE BUREAU APPRECIATES YOUR COOPERATION, SIR.

SHIRL CHUSKO, MARSHA COLLIER AND JOHN DREXLER. WE NEED YOU EACH TO EXPLAIN WHAT YOU WERE DOING HERE.
"COLLIER." ...ONE OF THE SECURITY GUARDS WOODMAN KILLED WAS A FRANK COLLIER.
MY FATHER! I'D BEEN WATCHING SNYDER'S FARM SINCE WOODMAN WAS RELEASED, HOPING HE'D SHOW UP.
AND WHEN HE DID, YOU BOUGHT A TICKET TO THE CORNFIELD MAZE, FOLLOWED HIM AND KILLED HIM!
I DIDN'T HAVE THE COURAGE— LET ALONE THE STRENGTH. WITH MY ARTHRITIS, I CAN BARELY PICK UP A PHONE!
AND YOU, MR. DREXLER— WHAT'S YOUR STORY?
ASK MR. BLACK AND WHITE. THEY'LL BACK ME UP.
NOT SO FAST, MR. DREXLER...
...MR. DREXLER WAS AN AGENT WITH THE BUREAU SEVERAL YEARS AGO, BUT WAS RETIRED.
FORCED OUT, YOU MEAN—BECAUSE I COULDN'T TRACK DOWN WOODMAN. THERE'S A BLOT ON MY CAREER BECAUSE OF THAT!

BUT THERE ISN'T ANY MORE, IS THERE?
I DIDN'T KILL HIM! FEDERAL AGENTS DON'T TAKE THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS!
WELL, ONE OF THESE PIGS KILLED ROBERT!
ARE YOU GONNA MAKE AN ARREST, OR IS YOUR JUSTICE JUST FOR THE RICH AND THE REPUBLICAN?
WELL, THAT DEPENDS...
...IF WOODMAN HAD BEEN CAPTURED, MAYBE HE'D'VE IMPLICATED YOU TWO IN HIS ROBBERIES! YOU EACH HAD A MOTIVE FOR NOT WANTING HIM TO TALK!
YOU ARE SO JUDGMENTAL!
NOT TO MENTION, WRONG!
THERE ARE NO PRINTS ON THE HAMMER. NO CLUES AT ALL.
ISN'T THIS WHERE YOU PULL SOMETHING FANCY OUT OF YOUR HAT, PROFESSOR?
I'M NOT A MIRACLE WORKER, SERGEANT SIMONS!
THE BEST THING TO DO IS TO RELEASE THEM ALL WITH TAILS. HOW ABOUT PUTTING OUR TAX DOLLARS TO WORK, AGENT WHITE?
I'M AGENT BLACK. WE'LL HANDLE THAT
AND YOU AMATEURS STAY OUT OF IT, ONCE AND FOR ALL.

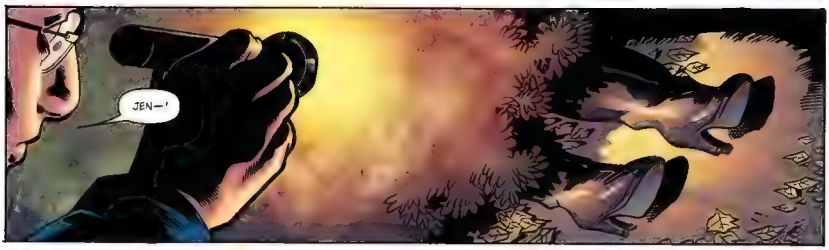

THEIR MEN MAY BE TAILING THE SUSPECTS, BUT SO WILL MINE.
WHAT ABOUT OUR FRIENDS BLACK AND WHITE? DO YOU THINK THEY'RE ABOVE "TAKING THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS"?
YOU CAN'T BE ABOVE THE LAW WHEN YOU THINK YOU ARE THE LAW!
NOTHING WE CAN DO NOW BUT WAIT.
I KNOW... AND I HATE WAITING.
"PATIENCE, GRASSHOPPER."
THE MAZE AGENCY
"MISS MAYS, MISTER WEBB ON LINE ONE."
THE MAZE AGENCY
"THANK YOU, AMBER."

HI THERE, ACE. WHAT'S UP?
MY PATIENCE. ANY WORD FROM BLISS?
NOT A ONE. HOW GOES THE RESEARCH?
NO END WAS EVER DEADER. Y'KNOW, THERE'S ALMOST NO INFORMATION ON ROBERT WOODMAN? HE WENT UNDERGROUND BEFORE THEY COULD ESTABLISH A FILE ON HIM...
...AND ANY RECORDS ON HIM HAVE BEEN DESTROYED. THERE ARE NO MEDICAL FILES, NO PRINTS, NOTHING. AND ONLY A HANDFUL OF OLD PICTURES.
THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR BIG BROTHER, SOMETIMES. SEE YOU TONIGHT.
HMMM...
LIEUTENANT, JENNIFER MAYS. HAVE YOU HEARD ANY—?
JUST A MINUTE. THAT MAY BE SOMETHING NOW.
BEEP BEEP

LIEUTENANT, I LOST CHUSKO AT THE SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE PARK. I THINK SOMETHIN'S UP.
DID YOU GET THAT, MISS MAYS?
I CERTAINLY DID, LIEUTENANT. SEE YOU THERE!
REPORTS LATER, AMBER
BUT MISS MAYS...
ANY WORD, LIEUTENANT?
ANTI-WAR RALLY TONIGHT!
NONE OF THEM GOOD. CHUSKO'S STILL MISSING.
"THE MORE THINGS CHANGE..."
GABE, NOT NOW!
El Mundo! Dice no A la Guerra
U.S: Out Of Iraq!

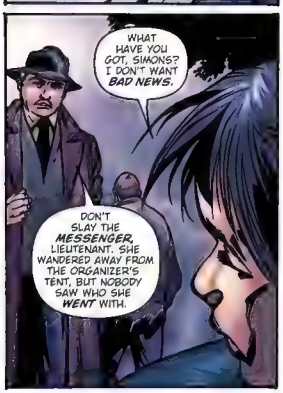
YOU LOST HER, SIMONS?
IN THIS CROWD, I COULD LOSE MY SIAMESE TWIN, LIEUTENANT!
NO TO WAR
GIVE PEACE A CHANCE
FAN OUT! COMB THE AREA!
AN OLD-FASHIONED WAR PROTEST. I'VE READ ABOUT THESE.
TIE-DYED T-SHIRTS $25.00
PEACE MEDALLIONS $10.00
BOTTLED WATER $5.00
T-SHIRTS
BUT IT'S NOT THAT OLD-FASHIONED, IS IT?
SHIRL CHUSKO? YES, SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO SPEAK TONIGHT. NO, HAVEN'T SEEN HER.
MAY I SPEAK TO THE RALLY ORGANIZER?
YES, MS. CHUSKO CHECKED IN, BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE. SHE SAID SHE WAS GOING TO THE WOODS, TO MEDITATE.
THANKS

HARD TO BELIEVE WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF NEW YORK CITY.
I BELIEVE IT— I JUST SAW A RAT THE SIZE OF A DOG.


JEN—!

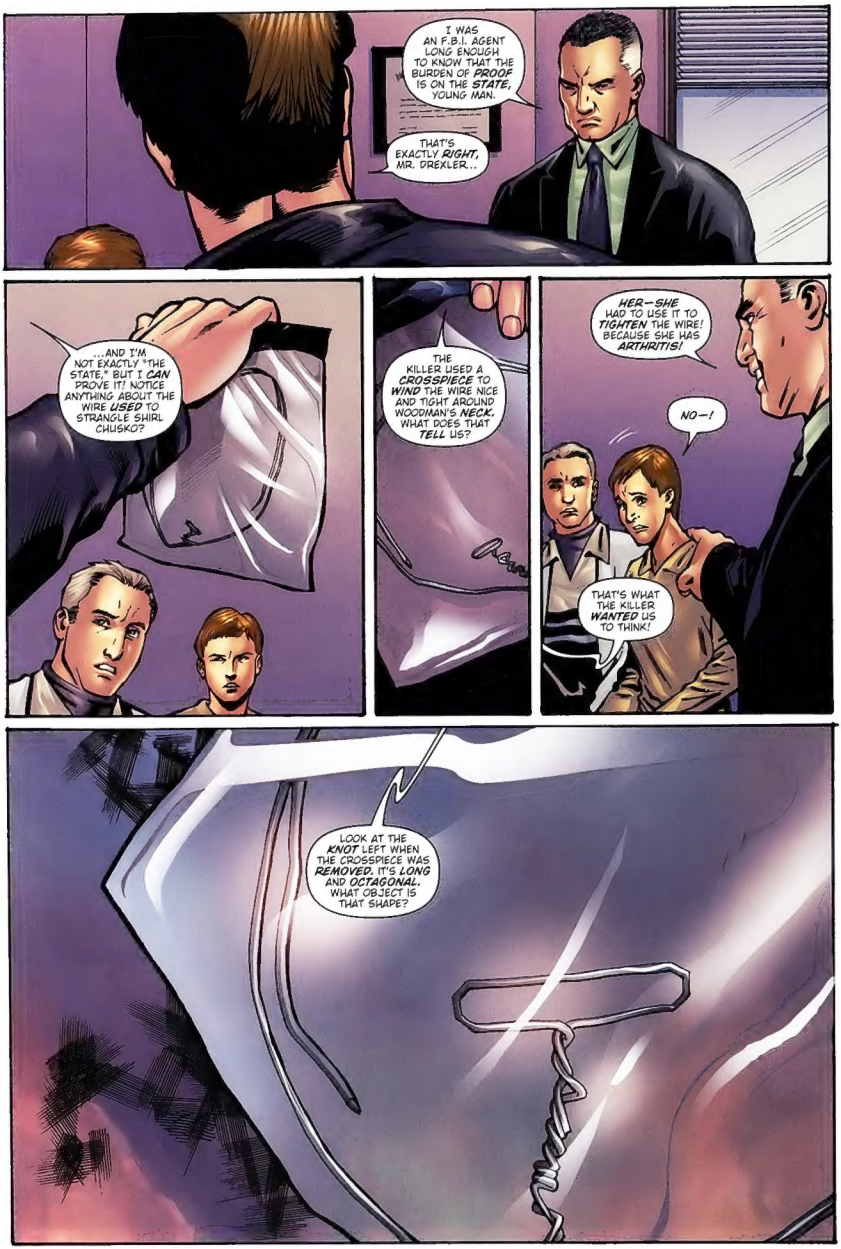
DR. POST SAYS CHUSKO WAS STRANGLED TO DEATH.
THAT'D BE A BAD WAY TO GO

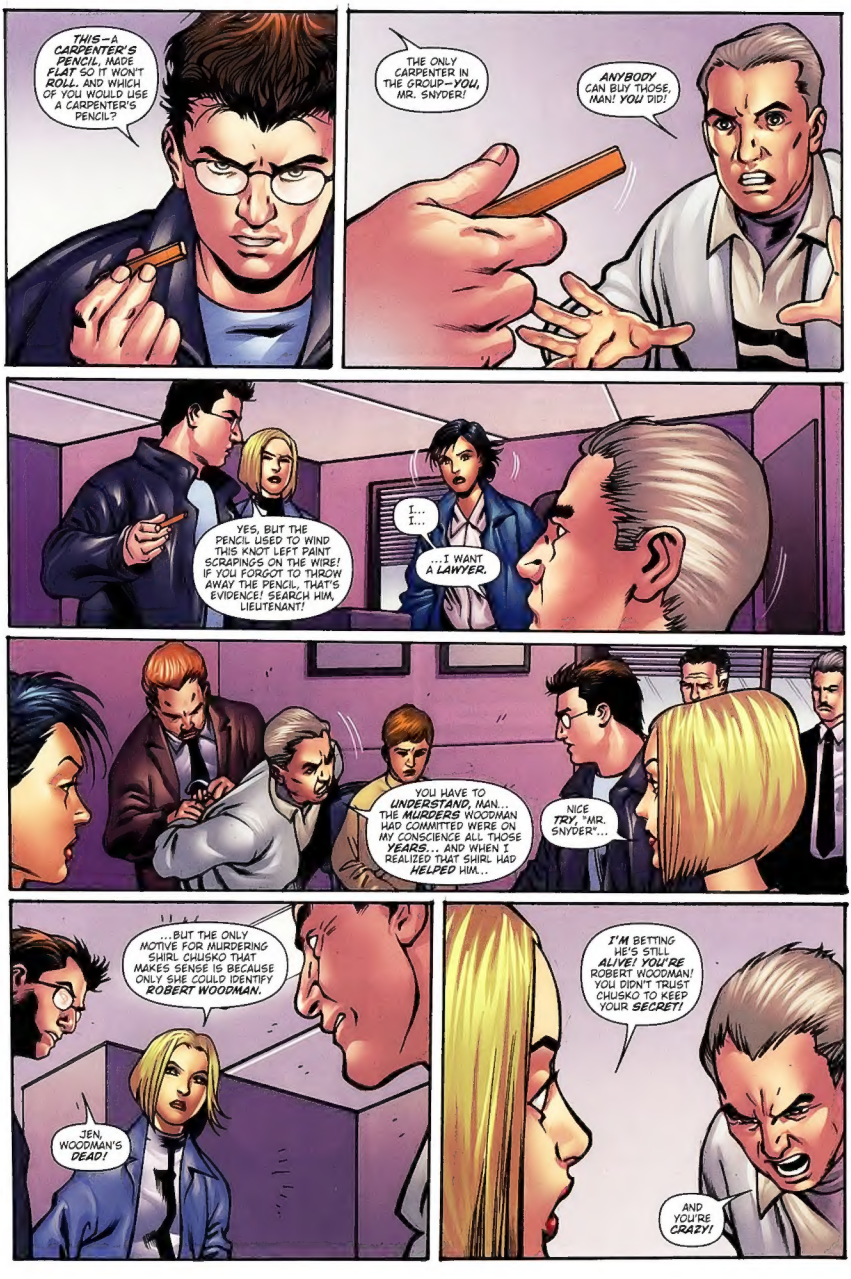
EVIDENCE
THERE ARE NO GOOD WAYS, WEBB. LOOKS LIKE THE KILLER WOUND THE WIRE AROUND HER NECK, TWISTED IT TIGHT AND KNOTTED IT.


WHAT HAVE YOU GOT, SIMONS? I DON'T WANT BAD NEWS.
DON'T SLAY THE MESSENGER, LIEUTENANT. SHE WANDERED AWAY FROM THE ORGANIZER'S TENT, BUT NOBODY SAW WHO SHE WENT WITH.

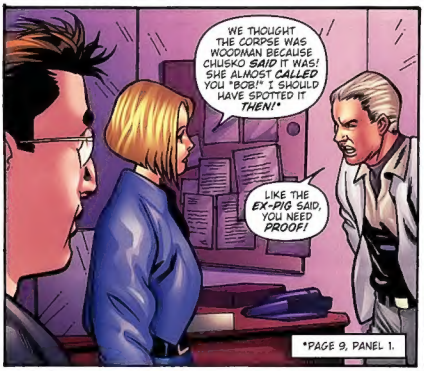
OH, I FOUND MARY-KATE AND ASHLEY, TOO.
WE TOLD YOU TO STAY OUT OF THIS, BLISS.
THIS IS MY CASE, WHITE
I'M WHITE.
DO YOU WANT OUR BOSS TO CALL YOURS?
IF HE DOES CALL, GIVE HIM THIS MESSAGE: "THE CASE IS SOLVED."
WEBB, ARE YOU SURE...?
DON'T PULL OUR CHAIN, AMATEUR!
I WOULDN'T DREAM OF IT, BOYS!
GABE, YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING?
I'VE GOT EVERYTHING. ROUND UP THE SUSPECTS, LIEUTENANT. BUT I HAVE TO MAKE A STOP, FIRST
OKAY. IF YOU'VE BEATEN THE FEDS, IT'LL BE WORTH IT

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT, MAN?
I WANT TO CALL MY LAWYER.
NO ONE'S BEEN ARRESTED, MISS COLLIER.
NOT YET, ANYWAY. WEBB?
YOU MAY HAVE HEARD ABOUT THE RALLY IN THE PARK TONIGHT--
SURE, MAN. SHIRL WAS SUPPOSED TO SPEAK THERE...
...SAY, WHERE IS SHIRL, ANYWAY?
DO YOU HAVE AN ALIBI FOR THIS EVENING, MR. SNYDER? DO ANY OF YOU?
NO. DO I NEED ONE.
OH, GOD, NO...
FIRST ROBERT AND NOW HER?
I'M AFRAID SO, MR. SNYDER. SHIRL CHUISKO IS DEAD, AND I'LL BET NONE OF YOU HAVE ALIBIS.


I WAS AN F.B.I. AGENT LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT THE BURDEN OF *PROOF* IS ON THE *STATE,* YOUNG MAN.
THAT'S EXACTLY *RIGHT,* MR. DREKLER...
...AND I'M NOT EXACTLY "THE STATE," BUT I *CAN* PROVE IT! NOTICE ANYTHING ABOUT THE WIRE *USED* TO STRANGLE SHIRL CHUISKO?
THE KILLER USED A *CROSSPIECE* TO *WIND* THE WIRE NICE AND TIGHT AROUND WOODMAN'S *NECK.* WHAT DOES THAT *TELL* US?
HER—SHE HAD TO USE IT TO *TIGHTEN* THE WIRE! BECAUSE SHE HAS *ARTHRITIS!*
NO—!
THAT'S WHAT THE KILLER *WANTED* US TO THINK!
LOOK AT THE *KNOT* LEFT WHEN THE CROSSPIECE WAS *REMOVED.* IT'S *LONG* AND *OCTAGONAL.* WHAT OBJECT IS THAT SHAPE?


THIS—A CARPENTER'S PENCIL, MADE FLAT SO IT WON'T ROLL. AND WHICH OF YOU WOULD USE A CARPENTER'S PENCIL?
THE ONLY CARPENTER IN THE GROUP—YOU, MR. SNYDER!
ANYBODY CAN BUY THOSE, MAN! YOU DID!
YES, BUT THE PENCIL USED TO WIND THIS KNOT LEFT PAINT SCRAPINGS ON THE WIRE! IF YOU FORGOT TO THROW AWAY THE PENCIL, THAT'S EVIDENCE! SEARCH HIM, LIEUTENANT!
I... I...
...I WANT A LAWYER.
YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, MAN... THE MURDERS WOODMAN HAD COMMITTED WERE ON MY CONSCIENCE ALL THOSE YEARS... AND WHEN I REALIZED THAT SHIRL HAD HELPED HIM...
NICE TRY, "MR. SNYDER"...
...BUT THE ONLY MOTIVE FOR MURDERING SHIRL CHUSKO THAT MAKES SENSE IS BECAUSE ONLY SHE COULD IDENTIFY ROBERT WOODMAN.
JEN, WOODMAN'S DEAD!
I'M BETTING HE'S STILL ALIVE! YOU'RE ROBERT WOODMAN! YOU DIDN'T TRUST CHUSKO TO KEEP YOUR SECRET!
AND YOU'RE CRAZY!

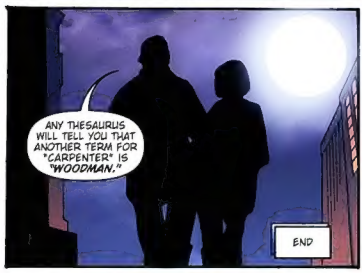
*NO CURRENT IDENTIFICATION OF WOODMAN IS EXTANT! YOU FIGURED IF YOU MURDERED THE REAL SNYDER IN THE CORNFIELD AND ASSUMED HIS IDENTITY, YOU COULD FINALLY STOP RUNNING!
*AND WITH THE ALLEGED MURDERER OF HER LOVER AT LARGE, ONLY WOODMAN COULD LURE HER INTO THE WOODS, ALONE!"


WE THOUGHT THE CORPSE WAS WOODMAN BECAUSE CHLISKO SAID IT WAS! SHE ALMOST CALLED YOU "BOB!" I SHOULD HAVE SPOTTED IT THEN!*
LIKE THE EX-PIG SAID, YOU NEED PROOF!
*PAGE 9, PANEL 1.

THE TRUE SNYDER'S PRINTS AND PERSONAL EVIDENCE ARE STILL ALL OVER HIS HOUSE! IF ITS DNA DOESN'T MATCH YOURS, THEY CAN HOLD YOU UNTIL SOME PROOF OF YOUR IDENTITY CAN BE FOUND!
AND WE WILL FIND IT!

DON'T FORGET ABOUT THAT REWARD, BOYS— I'M IN THE BOOK!

NICE WORK, BABE. I SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT MYSELF.
OH? WHY?


ANY THESAURUS WILL TELL YOU THAT ANOTHER TERM FOR "CARPENTER" IS "WOODMAN."
END